

COMPOSITION

Morning  
★ Star ★

North Scott  
Student Literature  
2003-2004



# *Morning Star*

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*Advisor: Mrs. Smith*

*2003-2004*

*The Morning Star Staff  
would like to thank the  
English department, the  
Art department, and all  
the students who  
submitted their work.*

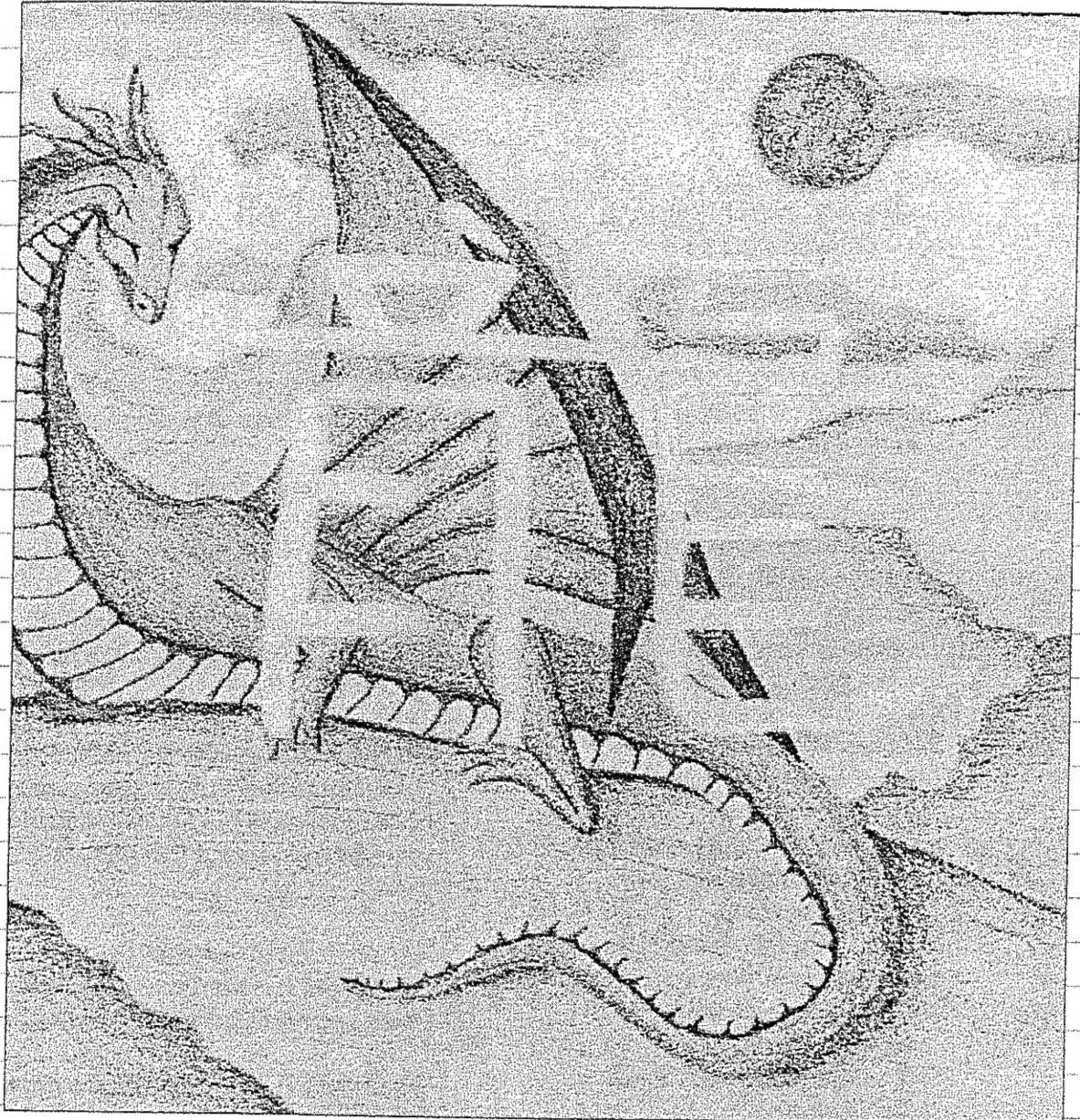
## Beauty

You speak of beauty as if it exists in a tiny drop of water.  
You think that beauty is a minority in this world of preponderance control.  
But if only you could see the world from all points of view.  
See the loveliness of forbidden fruit, of tree and root,  
Of your smiling face, of the human race.

Nothing is ugly that exists, nothing is beautiful that can't be seen.  
Everything is an effect of cause uncontrollable.  
But that doesn't mean it is any less lovely.  
Don't label the outside without further examination.  
You label things horrible without hesitation.  
But have you ever talked about, felt, or seen  
The beauty of rocks, of mountains and trees.

You speak of beauty, what is more beautiful than life.  
What is ugly, being labeled un-beautiful.  
People like to see what in their mind is beauty.  
But what if the eye got a new beholder  
What if new views were to take over.  
See beauty in all things.  
See the ugliness in labeling ugly.

-Kelsey Robbins



Art by Tina Meyerhoff

## My Dog

I watch my dog  
jumping and playing  
So happy all day.  
Never ceasing.  
She never wears out,  
my black and white dog,  
with a square pig snout.  
Always chasing and running  
after anything she sees.  
Her short stubby legs  
ending with tiny white paws.  
Her small little body  
leaping and hurtling  
over obstacles in her way.  
Only to miss the cat she was chasing.  
Always grunting and snorting.  
A little dog with short hair,  
like a miniature pig.  
Constantly barking  
like a cry for attention,  
to play with somebody  
for a day without end.  
When finally she wears out  
she sits by the bed.  
Huge eyes pleading to be let up.  
When they finally give in  
she leaps right up.  
With a jump that could clear a fence,  
then cuddles in for a good night's rest.  
After snoring all night  
she awakes with a start  
just after the crack of dawn  
ready to play again.

-Sarah Longner

## Summer Find

Lady of Sunshine  
Sitting polka dot dressed  
On my fingertip

-Kayla Pumphry

## Pearls

As you wonder through life all dressed  
up in your formal trying not to falter.

With a marble on the floor you fall and  
the pearls of your life scatter across the floor  
in different directions.

Not knowing what to do you crawl in a corner  
and curse people with silent words and hollow  
eyes.

Nowhere to go and no one to help you,  
you sleep in a dead life. Knowing the bars of  
life have trapped you, and you can only wait  
for old age to accept the empty string in your  
hand.

Hope is out of reach and you sit in your formal  
crawled up in a corner with pearls at your  
knees and an empty string in your hand.

What to show for the life you have lived nothing  
matters when winter snows cover your grave,  
nothing matters in the end, not even  
the pearls you lost.

-Wittney Warm

### In Me

fresh crisp air infuses my body  
warm morning sunlight  
gently caresses my skin  
your beauty consumes me  
all around I am surrounded  
your wonderful creation  
shows itself to me  
how can one not believe  
when surrounded by such mastery  
the wind gently blows  
I close my eyes  
I breathe it all in  
and I feel you  
you are there  
in that gentle breeze  
stirring my soul to wake  
telling me it is time to feel  
time to expand myself in you  
love washes over my body  
just like the morning sunlight  
it ignites my being  
these feelings I feel  
the things I know  
are over abundant  
when you run through me  
you live in my heart  
and pulse through my veins  
I feel your everything in me  
my faith expands in that whisper  
the light breeze that rustled my hair  
and I know not just think  
that nothing can go wrong  
as long as we're in it together

- Tina Meyerhoff

### A poem based on "Dead Poet's Society"

As I close my eyes,  
I see a sweaty toothed  
madman. He is crazy,  
and dancing in the park.  
He has a blanket tied  
around his neck,  
which is being used  
as a red and yellow cape.  
He begins to mumble,  
funny words, that I  
cannot understand  
Foofoofartigan  
babblebabbletoothtooth  
People begin to notice him  
they are all laughing  
staring  
teasing  
which is all he really  
wanted. To be noticed

-Megan Vance

### untitled

Deep Red Sun  
Exploding with Warmth  
Summer at its Peak

-Aaron Verhoevoort

## Keep the Things that Make You Laugh

Keep the things that make you laugh  
Don't throw them away  
Because maybe you will come to find  
You'll need them another day

Life is short  
So have some fun  
And know the laughter  
Has just begun

So if you're feeling down  
And your life is torn in half  
Don't be ashamed  
You kept the things that make you laugh.

-Allison DeSchepper



Art by Megan Schneckloth

## Destiny

Destiny is what is to come  
and the past is what's been said and done  
it is a part of you and me  
it is a part of everyone  
it holds us together  
it's just like paper and glue  
it is something special  
that connects me to you  
you are something else  
and you know you are and I will always  
find you  
whether you are near or far  
you know what makes us different  
is what kind - of makes us the same  
sometimes it's exciting  
and sometimes it's lame  
it depends upon the person  
and what they want their destiny to be  
it is a part or all of us  
even you and me  
so what makes you act the same  
or makes you act differently  
it is a big part of your life  
it is your destiny

- Trisha Simpson

## Sun's Blanket

(In imitation of Emily Dickinson)

I love that way it feels-  
as it wraps around me  
it embraces me - in warmth

It is like a calm Breeze-  
that sweeps over all of me  
with a gentle glow  
radiating all it's heat

It's color spectrum-  
is all around-  
adding to it's appeal  
calling me - to lay-  
an be still in it

In tranquil dawn-  
it will comfort me  
when I do wake-  
it will be there

- Kate Hermiston

## Untitled

In the summer air  
the potent corn shines  
emptying the bin

- Kyle Gibson

## Beast

Smoke silently billowing  
from a deadly snout, unmercifully  
burning into me with it's  
fiery eyes like crimson embers

An army within one body,  
the scales gleam in the morns departure.  
It's great wings pulse incessantly  
while it scrounges for prey in it's mid-evil stance.

Greatest sympathy for thou chosen.  
this beast strikes without mercy,  
for it's appetite is a never - ending battle, ever raging.  
it attacks, extinguishing the fire of need.

Fog settles early, before the suns wake.  
it's piercing eyes scan around, sensing, alert.  
muscles quivering under glistening, golden scales  
as it flies to kindle it's fiery rage.

- Rachel Talbot

## Untitled

Pickles in a jar  
Can freshness be guaranteed?  
So says the label

-Jay Burmeister

## Untitled

You're so beautiful  
nice crisp shirts  
expensive and new  
name brand  
pinstriped  
unbuttoned halfway  
permitting you to work with your  
hands  
and I bet you could make me a home  
in the moon  
with those hands  
you'd mold me a castle  
of moon mud  
with those hands  
and send me soaring  
back into the sky  
It'd be so beautiful  
our castle  
on the moon,  
you and I.

- Lindsey Dreter

## Where the lilies grow

Out where the lilies grow  
everything is bright  
everyone is happy  
out where the lilies grow  
people are kind  
and hearts are not broken  
out where the lilies grow  
it is warm  
and you are safe  
in this place  
it is dark  
and gloomy  
in this place  
people scream  
and kill other people  
in this place  
you suffer and go insane  
In this place  
you suffer  
and go insane  
I want to  
where the lilies grow.

- Allison Deschepper

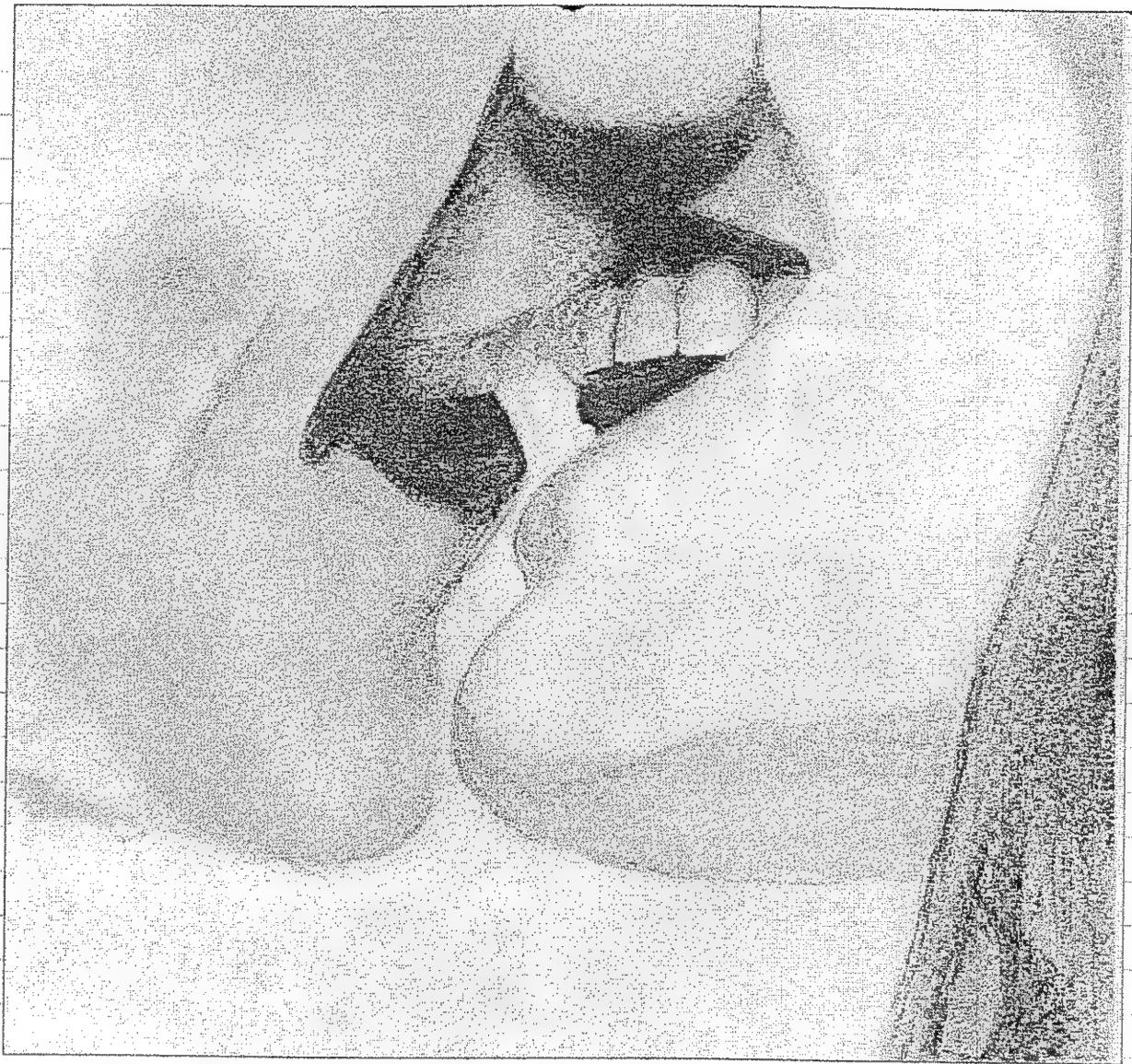
## What you want me to be

A pointless introduction to my life.  
You care less than I.  
A shadowy figure behind a curtain of lies  
and despair.  
I am what you want me to be, only I am not.  
I cringe when I see you smile.  
You smile not at me, but at the figure of your  
imagination.  
Have you noticed the lack of words I speak, or  
the tears permanently stapled to my eyes.  
Look at me, I am what you want me to be.  
I hope you're happy.

- Amber Miller



Art by Abby Leonard



Art by Lindsey Drener

## Your Night-Time Prayer

I said a prayer for you tonight as I looked up at the sky. I said it to the smallest star, the one that didn't shine. This star was a special one because it reminded me of you. Because you do not shine when you do the things you do. You lose people's trust with your hopeful lies and then gain it back with your loving and trusting eyes. I prayed that you would change your ways and that you would have better days. I prayed you would respect people and their feelings for what they're really worth, even though you've been taught this from your very birth. I prayed that you would understand that it is time to change. Time to stop being a boy, start being a man and time to turn the page. Time to stop listening to the people that influence your bad ways. The ones you listen to when you don't go home and stay out late at night while your parents' hearts are ablaze. I prayed you would look around and see who your real friends are. They aren't the ones you think, those won't get you far. I prayed you'd understand your parents really love you and hate seeing you fail, but you never pay attention and see that they really do care even if you do tell a tale. The last thing I prayed was the biggest thing of all. I prayed that you would have love for me, even if that isn't all. You can think I'm annoying sometimes and get mad at me too, but you could never think of me that way as much as I do of you. Don't get me wrong here I think good things about you every and all day. But when you do the things you do, I think of you that way. After I got done praying I thanked God one more time for having me love you with my whole heart, the one which once was mine. Then I looked at that star one more time, turned to the house with a smile and walked back inside.

-Amber Miller

## Just Me

A Player's Poem

From the time I was little, I knew I was great.  
'cause the people would tell me, "You'll make it, just wait."  
But they never did tell me how great I would be  
if I ever played someone who was greater than me.

When I'm in the back yard, I'm king with the ball  
to swish all those baskets is no sweat at all.  
But all of a sudden there's a defender in my face  
who doesn't seem to realize that I'm king of this place.

So the pressure gets to me; I rush with the ball.  
My passes to teammates could go through the wall.  
My jumpers not falling, my dribbles not sure.  
My hand is not steady; my eye is not pure.

The fault is my teammates—they don't understand.  
The fault is my coaches—what a terrible plan.  
The fault is the call be the blind referee.  
But the fault is not mine; I'm the greatest, you see.

Then it finally hit me when I started to see  
that face in the mirror looked exactly like me.  
It wasn't my teammates who were dropping the ball,  
and it wasn't my coach shooting bricks at the wall.

That face in the mirror that was always so great  
had some room for improvement instead of just hate.  
So I stopped blaming others and I started to grow.  
My play got much better and it started to show.

And all of my teammates didn't seem quite so bad  
I learned to depend on the good friends I had.  
Now I like myself better since I started to see  
that I was lousy being great—I'm much better being me.

-Pete Langenhan

## TO MY EX-ETERNITY

I can constantly see myself,  
falling from eternity  
falling from your arms  
into myself into my own mind  
where I found you,  
where I was looking relentlessly  
to be with you.  
just to be.  
to see you  
just to see  
My light shining unselfishly  
My feelings swell inside me  
Until I'm overcome  
and then you leave,  
and I cry.  
Just the same  
You always made me cry.  
I thought it was eternity,  
but it was only you  
My nothing  
My brainlessness  
My thoughtlessness  
My unfaithfulness  
My anger and hate boiling inside of me,  
and then I let it go. I let you go.  
And it's done,  
My pain is gone.  
No more falling back to you.  
Just to see myself cry.  
No more hurt from you  
When you say goodbye.

-Ashley Havenhill

## Untitled

In the puddle-  
After a spring shower  
A distorted reflection

-Cassie Kiewiet

## Meaning

What is this meaning  
This meaning of confusion?  
How does it make me feel?  
Why is it here?  
Does it want to destroy everything I have  
Or just destroy who I am?  
Confusion  
The seed to all insanity  
Is its meaning meant to kill?  
Or to take over my life?  
It has entered my brain  
And gotten tangled within my thoughts  
How can I get rid of it?  
As it gradually tears me down  
Into pieces of nothing  
With this sense of confusion  
Forever embedded into me  
I still do not know its meaning  
Or how it makes me feel  
Or why it is here  
Confusion.

-Allison DeSchepper



Art by Jennifer Kabel

## Mother talking to daughter

Do your A day homework tonight; do your B day homework on Monday before six; cook supper and place it onto the table; don't forget to put the settings down in the living room; make room for your aunt coming over tonight; please do not watch the tonight show; practice for the swing show coming up in a couple of weeks; are Mike and Samantha still together, were they a cute couple?; your aunt is getting married tomorrow; so tomorrow you need to wrap her gift; write a thank-you note for the gift from Sue; make the bed for your aunt after all, she has a big day tomorrow and she is coming over tonight; un-set the table after use, put the fish in the refrigerator; your father is taking you fishing on Wednesday; don't forget to go to confirmation; pick up your pants from the dry-cleaners for church; this Sunday you need to go to church; when was the last time you were an acolyte; when did you last wash the dog?; after fishing with your father, wash the fish very good; if you catch a baby fish, throw it back into the water; don't have children, you're too young; children are so cute when they are young; enjoy life, you grow up fast; when driving, don't speed; follow the rules of the road, when visiting someone's house, follow their rules; don't be a follower, be a leader; pick up a twenty ounce bottle of sprite for the party tonight; if you go to parties, don't get drunk; don't stay out too late; when in school, be on time to class; listen in school and finish your homework; actually try in your classes and on your homework; don't forget your chores; be a responsible young girl that I have taught you to be; girls are polite in public, so act that way; I loved your performance at the play on Thursday night; don't act in public the way you do in plays; if you any violence, act upon it and tell someone; don't be a tattletale; you are better at writing short stories rather than tall tales; your cousin is tall, he should go out for basketball; you should have been in sports in Jr. High; did you like High school better than Jr. High?; did you like cheerleading last year?; this is the way to get your crowd's attention; if you're in a crowd, stay close to someone you know; never talk to strangers off the streets; stay on the sidewalk of a street, when shopping, it is best to go when they have sidewalk sales; never buy anything from a salesman on the phone; when on the phone, keep in mind others may need it someday; someday you will understand life; have fun now, life is too short; if you can't reach something, ask for help; if you ever need help, there is always someone out there to help you; this is an appropriate way to ask someone a question; this is an inappropriate way to ask; this is how you should sit at a table and eat; when cooking, add extra spices to give it extra flavor; before you go to bed, run up to the store and buy iodized salt for the fish; always compare brands and prices when deciding what items to buy; don't spend too much money; come home and go to bed, you need the sleep for school; in the morning don't forget to wash behind your ears; on your way to school, stop by and buy a couple ears of corn; don't buy elephant ears at school, they will ruin your thinking for the rest of the day; this is how you husk corn; don't forget to have fun at the Huskers football game next weekend; besides, everyone needs a little bit of fun and a break now and then.

-Kirsten Krambeck

### Untitled

I can smell you  
in my hair  
on my hands  
And I can't tell  
if I miss you  
or if  
maybe  
I can't stand you

- Lindsey Dreenter

### Poem 7

(An Imitation of Lava Cameo by Evan Boland)

I like this picture—

My grandma was a 6th grader.  
She had one sister Marsha.  
Her family lived in Illinois—

Except I don't know much of her  
childhood; bits and pieces.  
She just seems like a grandma to me.  
A grandma her whole life.

If I say her shirt was neatly  
pressed; and her mother had gently  
applied lipstick and blush to her delicate face,

if I make her pretty brown  
eyes live to read and do  
her schoolwork,

then I wonder if:

She led an outwardly  
good life, but somewhere  
deep in those eyes there  
is some pain; a secret maybe?

She will marry at 20.  
Her parents will die when she is 58.  
Her past will be left behind;  
never uncovered again.

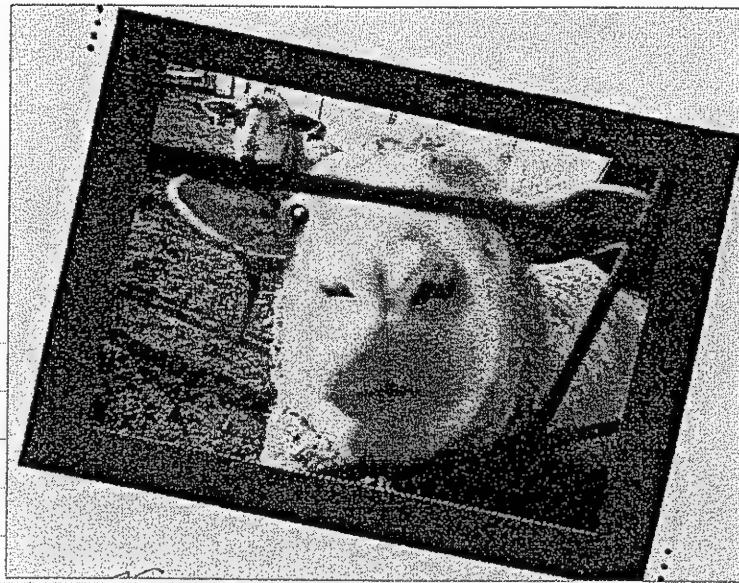
I want to sit down with her  
and learn her childhood;  
I want to know her  
as a child and a Grandmother.  
Inscribe Mystery.

- Jenni Kilen

### car CRASH melody

Tires on wet streets  
brings you closer to nature  
six feet deep of earth.

-Dan Yost



Art by Jeanna Sheedy

## confidence

You find in the light of your life  
The place where you find peace  
It is an aura about you  
Showing emotion of confidence  
Showing people that you believe in yourself  
There's nothing that can be mistaken for this  
It's in your walk and body  
It's in the way you talk  
Like a flight on your tongue of what you believe  
It is the best thing that you may have  
You are your own author of your fate  
In the emotion of confidence there is only hope  
There is a loveliness in your life  
There is an endless springtime  
You are a blossom of this springtime  
Once you have bloomed you are open until your death  
This is the greatest thing of all

- Christine Goodall

## ROSES

### ( an imitation of Shakespeare's 130 )

Beginning at dusk, ending before dawn;  
Only finding lust over a pretty face;  
Teenage crushes fall far short of true love;  
Through endless tries, finding only dismay;  
With brief romance during a slow dance;  
Put all this nonsense off for a while;  
You fall into a deep, fixated trance;  
Take off that fake laugh and counterfeit smile;  
Teenage romance is chaotic and wild.  
As it seems, love is but a twisted dream;  
You just have to face it and smile;  
A stressful fiend, never to be foreseen.

In the end, like your love, the roses are dead  
All you can do is remember when they were still red.

- Ben Lewis

## I AM

I am a scared girl who doesn't want to grow up.

I wonder what I will be doing in 20 years.

I hear from people questioning my willingness to move on.

I see my childhood flash before my innocent eyes.

I want to stay young.

I am a scared girl who doesn't want to grow up.

I avoid the fact that I will be graduating in 2 years.

I feel sick to think about losing all my friends and family.

I touch my heart because it beats so hard.

I worry that if I don't start looking towards my future I may lose it.

I cry at night hoping to stay just where I am.

I am a scared girl who doesn't want to grow up.

I understand that this is something I have to do soon.

I say I'll put it off one more week.

I dream that whatever I choose to do will be the right decision.

I try everyday to push myself harder.

I hope my future turns out right.

I am a scared girl who doesn't want to grow up.

- Jessica Larssen

## Untitled

Black streets  
littered and crawling  
with summer folks  
fluorescent street light  
only reaches so far  
not quite to the place  
where you are hiding  
from me and my thoughts  
you must be scared  
and hiding  
in the crowded nighttime  
hot dogs  
slushies  
popcorn and grease

I can't find you  
just beautiful strangers  
that never take a second glance  
or wonder who I am  
or who I am looking for  
just going on into the night and summer  
with friends and smells  
and secret stories  
of more street fair nights  
you're my street fair story  
of sweet summer possibility  
that everyone wants  
but we will have  
when I find you tonight  
my sweet summer story

-Lindsey Drener

## Subconscious

In the deep recesses of my mind  
through darkness and dancing shadows  
I can see the bright colors  
of vivid unknown scenes  
a hazy voice without sound  
narrates stories in my subconscious  
while I catch glimpses  
of my wild imagination  
emotions flood over me  
changing with the scenes  
I feel overwhelming fear  
I sense joy and happiness  
anything can rule here  
there are no laws  
not even gravity rules  
here I can fly  
I feel weightless  
I can be as free as the birds  
soaring through the air  
escaping many dangers  
and feeling the wind in my hair  
it's interesting though  
that smell is lacking here  
it's like a well sanitized room  
no scents of anything linger  
along with the absence of smell  
no taste is found either  
the two going hand in hand  
neither are present  
in this place of dancing shadows  
in the back of my mind

- Tina Meyerhoff

## A Gift

down from heaven, came this little gift  
in a strange looking box, but easy to lift  
I took it home and to my surprise,  
as I opened it up, there was a pair of blue sparkling eyes.  
As I took the child out of the strange bed,  
I held her close and rubbed her head.  
And on my sholder, she fell asleep  
it was right then, that I began to weep.  
I thanked my lord for what he had done  
because I know he sent me this little one  
so as she grew up big and strong  
I taught her the difference between right and wrong  
she became older, and I told her how she came to be  
now she knows that she's a gift  
and it is her, to God, I lift

-Trisha Simpson

## First Teenage Crush (after William Shakespeare)

A teenage girl's first crush is... well crushing.  
Her body isn't hers, nor is her mind.  
She finds herself shivering, shaking, blushing,  
kind of weak, tormented, sick, going blind.  
And why? Because some guy might look her way,  
then cast his eyes as quickly to the ground;  
some special one, for reasons she can't say,  
who's voice makes her faint when he's around.  
But now my crush on him has been returned,  
and so the two of us stand on some brink:  
It can't be love so young, and yet we've learned  
love does it's will, no matter what we think.

Slowly, slowly for now -- we must not rush!  
Let's stop and enjoy our first teenage crush.

- Nicole Kelly

## Happy Newlyweds

In imitation of Evan Boland's "Lava Cameo"

I love this story-

My grandfather was a military man,  
My grandmother a young woman  
She always waited for him to be off duty

Except that is not my story  
More of an idea  
Something I like to imagine

They were a silly couple  
Young, happy newlyweds  
Once, she even climbed  
on top of his shoulders  
and someone snapped a picture

If I decided that she was beautiful,  
If he was handsome,  
If they were the perfect match-

Think about this:

People grow old  
frail and weak  
no one can fight  
time, only think of it

Not as a clock but as a journey:

An experience differing from a competition  
which reveals the secret of life:

She will have over fifteen grandchildren.  
He will become an old farmer.  
They grow old  
together, so I imagine  
again the young newlyweds.  
In the story, the sun is setting.  
They sit together, on a blanket.  
Watch.

Talk to me, I want to say: tell me  
About the day you scaled  
The mountain of him to laugh.

Snapshot of time.

-Melanie Drener

## Bird watching

(after Elizabeth Bishop "The  
Fish")

As I sat there by the window,  
Looking to the sky,  
I saw a bird fly down to a branch,  
I grabbed my binoculars,  
I focused them in and watched this bird,  
Its orange beak and fetterless legs,  
The strange color of its breast,  
A rusted orange close to red,  
Its eye found mine,  
It seemed to say, "Why do you look at  
me?"

I saw the bird look around the yard,  
I then saw it look to the ground,  
In a flutter of wings it took,  
It had flown to the ground,  
To see what treasure it could find,  
A bug, maybe even a worm,  
Yet it could even be just a piece of grass,  
As I watch it hop on its skinny legs,  
Searching the grass for its treasure,  
I look past the bird,  
I see a dog coming,  
As I watch with an unbreakable stare,  
I wonder and hope,  
If the bird will make it,  
Any second and it will be to late,  
All of a sudden, there's a flurry of feathers,  
The robin flew the coup,  
I look back to the sky,  
I see it flying high,  
It escaped,  
Oh I was glad,  
On wings of flight it has left,  
No longer can I see it in the sky.

- Alex Pehler

# untitled

What do I do now? Where do I go from here? You left me standing in the **rain**. I **want** inside. It's **cold** and **dark**. I put my **key** in the lock and turn. You've changed the lock. I walk out in the street drenched. I look back. You open the **door** a crack. I run to it and try to **push** it open further, but it doesn't budge. I sit down on the steps where we 1<sup>st</sup> kissed, and remember those times. The ones which I long to come back to me. The **love** and the **laughter**. But you keep it closed up inside your little **house**. Keeping the emotions to **yourself** and **away** from me. I sit on these steps day after day. And day after day the door opens a little further. I wait for the day in which the feelings will ~burst~ out of the **doors** and **windows**. The **joyous** sound of **love** will fill my head once more. I went to your **house** today and turned the **key**..... **THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN.**

- Amber Miller



Art by Lindsey Drenger

## NOthing was seen and heard

NOthing was seen and heard  
by 10 or twenty MEn that day  
and nothing about nothing(WInniNG)  
did spEEK! but  
the ballots heard nothing BOOMpowpowPOW  
about nothing(winning) speak  
and 1(HUNDEREDMILLION) somethingswanted  
nothing

whoknowsNOthing? though  
We(I) (bal POWPOW  
lots) DIDnotknow..so  
whoops...nothingbecameNOTHING.toall  
SOMETHINGS

here 10(million)ortwenty Men herd  
nothingbeNOTHING from SOMETHINGS  
lifeWasEdland<sup>1</sup> 4 me we know nothing about their  
NOTHINGSand  
caremuchless  
so Wesit-- something MADenoting by NOTHINGby  
Nothing  
NOTHING

Aaron Schroeder

<sup>1</sup>“...WastEdland...” reference to T.S. Eliot’s “The Wasteland”

## Anguish

Angry tears spill from my eyes as I gaze longingly at your deathbed before me.  
The pain is slowly eating away at my heart, nothing will ever begin to comfort me.  
The tubes, wires and machines all connected to you making you so unrecognizable, so distant.  
The anguish is shared throughout the room, I want to go, leave, to find the culprit.  
I know they are still alive, still breathing gathering life upon them as you loosen your grasp and let it sift like sand through cold, thin fingers.  
The lack of judgment they preceded to induce is maddening.  
I stand there, watching you taking your last few breaths of life while somewhere, someone is still living, unharmed, but for the poison still flowing in their veins.  
You manage to hold on, gathering enough energy to grasp my hand for the last time before you depart.  
My anguish turns to helpless sobs as I struggle to say goodbye.  
And my heart turns forever cold as I watch the monitors flat line.  
Your hand still in mine, I refuse to let go.  
Everything affects me at once as I smooth a small, soft wisp of hair off your face.  
I turn to see the anguished faces of my dearest friends and families, my pillars of strength, blurred by tears freefalling down my face.  
Trying to swallow the jagged pill of anguish, I think of the one responsible, of how it was so unjust for him to be here with his family and friends, safe in the comforts of home.  
But I realize in the arms of my love, in all my sorrow, that he will live forever with that is the rightful punishment for those who chose to drink and drive.

- Rachel Talbot

## Pocket watch (in imitation of Evan Boland's Lava Cameo)

I like this story-

My great-great-grandmother was Lela Benjamin.  
She gave out personalized hankies that her husband made  
Both Mrs. Carter and Miss Ohio of '81 received one.

But this is not a story,  
more a special moment once recorded,  
a memory extracted from a mind and jotted down on paper  
one last note.

If I say a simple bonnet on her head  
and a blue dress with a pocket,  
yet her pocket watch lies around her neck,  
lilies and her initials engraved in its gold.

If I make her turn the crank  
to allow the clock to keep ticking  
synchronized with her heart-

think of this:

There is a way to refrain from being forgotten  
to implant a memory  
in someone's mind  
to pass it on  
throughout generations.

Not an ordinary timepiece, but a key:  
to unlock a door to another time and place  
and all the secrets that it holds.  
she will die at 84 having lived her time  
Having kept this memory for 72 years.  
For a moment, the clock stopped  
holding time still along with it-

Look to the future, I want to tell her: show me  
how to make time continue  
as well as you did.

Engrave your memories

- Erin Daniels

## Untitled

(an imitation of William Shakespeare's Poem 130)

Each time he told her that he loved her so  
she believed him with everything she had  
and though she'd been told to always say no  
she never wanted to make him get mad  
so nine months later when she had a child  
she turned to him but he wasn't there  
she picked up the phone, his number she dialed  
only to find out that he didn't care  
she used to have dreams, her future was bright  
now she's got nothing and she's all alone  
and she cries herself to sleep ev'ry night  
young love is fun but it doesn't last long--  
you think its forever— what if you're wrong?

-Hannah Rochau



## Irish

Art by Trisha Simpson

Tears Falling Freely but never a shudder or a sob  
They lowered you in the grave that day after  
praising and singing your name.  
You were never afraid of life or death and nor am I.  
I was afraid of losing you  
My best friend, my influence... gone  
Stubborn as a bull, the Irish blood ran through your veins  
now it continues to run through mine  
the spotlight you had, I'd love to have one of my own  
your appearance I did not take  
though through my eyes my Dad swears you live on  
I'll always share your heartyness  
And a boring life I'll never know.

When I am gone  
I do not wish  
To give you who I am  
I only wish that who I was  
Will influence who you become

Irish.

- Megan Kane

## Agony

Agony

Bitter sadness

cuts like razors

dead inside, alive outside

everyone sees me, yet unknown

Frighten and alone, transparent, despite solid

grieving is my constant, all else changes

horrible is how it feels, cold and clammy

I am without reason or meaning for my being  
just to be is so unsatisfying. To have, not have.

Kindness and comfort are only temporary,  
they are a cheap substitute.

"Loneliness is the human condition" it so happens to be true, now.

My heart is scared for life. It is fragile and hollow,  
sear, burn

no one understands. I get close and they hurt me,  
either accidental or deliberate.

Others don't know me, or don't like, or both. I open and  
fall apart to touch.

People always hurt me, or I hurt them. It is a vicious circle,  
what should I do?

Quit, it should, but how? I try everything. I am annoying  
and cause inconvenience to many.

Relief comes in waves. Like waves, it washes away and leaves  
bare, wet, gritty sand. It is moldable.

Streams of tears leak from my closed lashes. I runs onto my  
lips, it tastes bitter, salty, sour, sad.

Thanks is little, there is little to be thankful for. Everything sparks a fire in my mind and soul.

Urging someone close to comprehend such  
emotion is ultimately in vain.

She is closed and rigid. We hurt one another frequently.  
Vicious and spiked. Like salt in a scrape. As vinegar in an eye.

Ruff as sandpaper on bare skin. Discomfort, irritation, pain.

Wishes and waiting seem to last an eternity.

Needing and wanting ultimately become one  
and the same. Love and hate become hard to separate.

Xantippe is what she seems to me sometimes. My mind messes with me, like on a roller coaster ride. My emotions change quickly and unexpectedly.

Young and old. Peace and war. Intentional and accidental.

Happiness and sadness. Loyalty and betrayal. One or the other. Clear cut?

Always black and white? Zany and crazy. Always unpredictable. Always  
incredible, even if it's not enjoyable. time goes by, high, and lie. It tickles then burns, then invigorates.

-Beth Edwards

## War

The vibrant illuminations of the heavens,  
Brings pleasure to eyes abroad  
Until, the sound of the explosion  
Ringing in my ears  
Is like a blast from the past  
It is Dark.

Time escalates  
To three years preceding  
The bark of the guns and  
The pain and the harsh,  
Devastating darkness attacking me all at once is  
too much to bear.  
It is Dark.

It is light.  
I awake, not sure of my past,  
My future a blur,  
I'm dazed and confused while all hell breaks  
loose.  
A knock on the head, I remember, and then...  
It is Dark.

Three days pass, I awake.  
One week spent lying in a dilemma.  
While my fever descends, my questions arise  
Shall I fight?  
Challenge the opposing, friends vs. foes.  
All is the same. All seems so Dark.

The continuing war....

My friend or my foe?  
All look the same. Smeared together with  
the blood,  
The blood *taken*, over differing opinions.  
Is that opinion not cherished by someone?  
Is all Dark?

Bickering leads to finality  
My brother, murdered by his cousin,  
Falling silently at my side.  
Memories flash before me....  
Deaths, lives, funerals. Connecting me  
with  
The maddening urge to show them that  
there is still light.

The light display shown,  
For the victory we upheld three years pro-  
ceeding  
Lightened explosives symbolizing light.  
The light of hope still remaining.  
It is official. Was it worth it? The loss?  
So begin we, a new era. It is light.

-Rachel Talbot

## The Flight

Flying higher, above  
the clouds.

## Living in our little worlds.

Do we see  
lines,

walls? NO. Yet we  
FIGHT, KILL,  
lines these invisible lines  
never stopping.  
Do we win? Lose?

What is winn

What is willing,  
more?

more?                    **NO.**    But

still we fight, wanting...? lines. Wanting to win. Win...lines. Simple non-existing lines. But we never do.

STOP.

Talk, maybe listen more  
don't

Look out your  
little windows.

see the earth as is really  
NO lines    NO borders    not something we

but earn through  
win or lose  
good deeds.

When you land the wheels come down

### flaps

brakes  
throttle back

slow down.

Try to be

refreshed. Remember,

BE THANKFUL

everything.

-Adam Overberg

## The Cat

(An imitation of Elizabeth Bishop's, "The Fish")

The cat brushes up against my leg, and fixes me with his penetrating stare. I look back at him. He stares at me like he's staring into my soul. His eyes big round orbs lit by a glowing yellow light. However in the center it is mysteriously dark, where he keeps the secrets he sees. His ears tweak one way then another. The pyramids on his head catching the sound no human can hear. He goes still and his ears flatten for a second and seem to disappear, but then his warm demeanor returns and he looks at me again. His nose twitches the slightest bit. A little heart shaped button in the center of his face. It glistens just a little from the condensation gathered on it. Sprouting from either side of his nose are his sensors, making him look wise. I look past his face to his long slinky body. It's beige and white spots stick out prominently. His tail twitches with agitation. Like a snake dancing to a charmer's music. Finally he gets bored with me and leaves. As he walks away he gives me a backwards glance as if to say good-bye.

-Amber Barnes



Art by Lindsey Drener

## Water Drop

Lately I've felt like a water drop on a glass shower door.

You know how some drops stay in the same spot until they evaporate, making a water mark, and others might stay in one spot for maybe a minute, and then they start trickling down the glass, eventually making their way to the drain?

I am that drop.

My life has started to trickle down the glass. I'm slowly making my way down to the drain. Little by little I find myself in situations that I've never been in.

Some say it's a good thing;  
change.

I'm just finding it difficult to cope with.

My life has come to a stand still, but it's still moving  
at such a rapid pace that I can't catch up with myself.

My world is changing every second and I'm not sure that I like it.

-Amber Miller

## Onions

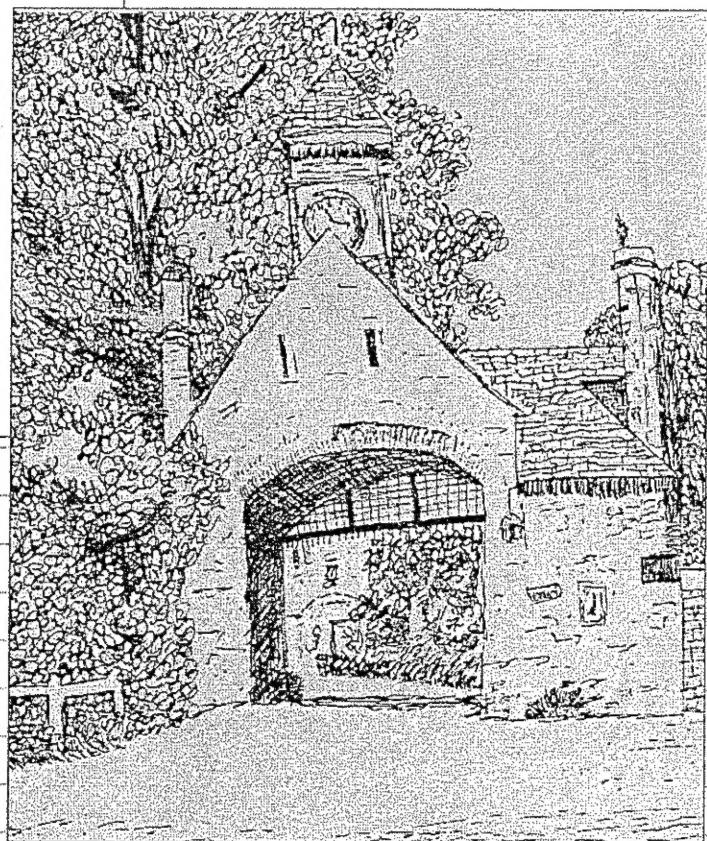
A pearlescent root,  
Many layers peeled away  
Now stinging my eyes

-Jackie Krebs

## Untitled

Crunching on the ground  
Falling from white blanket skies  
Every shape and size

-Katie Brennan



Art by Ashley Daniels

## Untitled

Blurry dimensions  
Eventually expose the  
Color of a generation.  
Conflicts spell out  
twists in direction reveling  
differences loud and clear.  
Masks hide regrettable  
targets that pinpoint change.

- Amber Miller

## Untitled

This must be what girls write about,  
when they fill pages with I love so-and-so,  
so-  
your name goes here:  
in this space where I would document  
my infatuation  
if I were better  
with bubble letters  
and pink gel pens.

- Lindsey Drener



Art by Tabby Christenson

The writings on the back  
cover were taken from  
Amber Miller's writing on  
poetry, and untitled poems  
by Lindsey Drener.

They spent the summer together

They spend so much summer that

I watch the leaves fall  
I watch you fall

by fall they were beggars for warmth

and under trees and stars and his

Standing on the outside  
Press my hands against the glass

bedroom ceiling they found contentment

in each other's arms. And under the

Poetry is a vision of someone's emotion

shadow of his leaving through writing

Nothing I can do  
to keep you safe

for the most part, you

cannot even grasp what  
heartache. She knew he'd find

happiness as they someone bigger and better

wrote the poem, but

So as the leaves fall behind me  
I watch you fall for me

promised he would miss her

but all she ever really wanted was